

An Excellent new Song,

CALL'D

162. m. 70
13

The Trusty and True English-man.

2. Jan. 17th/₁₂ Ag^t to Whigg.

Poor England's Condition
By Sons of Perdition, (bition;
Never was more in danger, thro' Whiggish Am-
And yet you will see,
That saved she will be
By English Men Trusty and True.
In spight of Designers, and Court-Underminers
Black, Dismal, and Coventry blue.

From High-Germain Threats,
And Low-Dutch Deceits,
And fear of the French after twenty Defeats:
Brave Lads make a Stand,
And rescue your Land
Like Englishmen Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

The Austrian Race,
And *Messina's* Grace,
Declare it's too early to think of a Peace:
But our poor Common-weal,
From them does Appeal
To English-men Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

We have Warr'd twenty Years,
As it plainly appears, (and Fears:
The Dutch for good Towns, We for Whimfies
But you may be assur'd,
All this will be cur'd
By English-men Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

Our Riches are gone,
Our Trade is undone,
The Nation is mortgag'd, for Money at Loan:
In such Losses and Dangers,
We'll trust no more Strangers,
But English-men, Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

Thus our dismal Distress,
Our Allies would redress,
Who got little by War, by Peace shall get less:
But thank God, there are some,
Whose Hearts are at Home,
All English-men Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

Our Force to employ,
Our Land to destroy,
To make a poor German, a Spanish Vice-Roy:
For such must we bleed,
Tax our Beef and our Bread?
No, say English-men Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

The Freedom we boast,
Is too near being lost,
For Beggars and Slaves live on the same Coast.
From none can the Nation,
Expect Preservation,
But English-men Trusty and True.
But not from Designers, &c.

Poor England's drawn dry,
By each petty Ally, (buy:
She gives both the Ware, and the Money to
Then let us esteem
Such as would her redeem,
As English-men Trusty and True.
In spight, &c.

A Curse on their Care,
Who would Foreigners spare,
And lay on our Backs, what falls to their share:
Be they never so Martial,
I'm sure they are partial,
'Gainst English-men Trusty and True.
But favour Designers, &c.

When the As is sunk in, (Skin:
Quite up to the Chin,
The Horse gets at last, both the Load and the
Then it will be too late,
To complain of our Fate,
To English-men Trusty and True.
Betray'd by Designers, &c.

Poor Soldiers take heed,
How you're brought into need,
By short'ning your Pay, and shaving your Bread:
Who deals so by you,
Is worse than a Jew;
Not an English-man Trusty and True.
But favours Designers, &c.

Poor deluded Dissenters,
 You are sold like Debentures,
 By the *Junto* made over by Deeds and Indentures;
 You are ty'd Back to Back
 By *Nottingham's Black*,
 Not by *English-men Trusty and True*;
 For you join'd with Designers, &c.

Such as own no Right,
 But their Will and their Might,
 What Black is to Day, to Morrow is White:
 They renounce their Opinion,
 When it thwarts their Dominion,
 Not like *English-men Trusty and True*:
 But more like, &c

With the *Scotch* they unite,
 When they think to get by't,
 But when the Noose pinches they strive to unt'y't:
 For War they are hearty,
 For it favours their Party,
 Not like *English-men Trusty and True*:
 But more like, &c.

They would call the *Pretender*,
 Or the mad King at *Bender*, (der:
 Or the Devil, to pull down our Church's Defen-
 But the Projects too plain,
 We'll not trust them again,
 But *English-men Trusty and True*:
 In spight of, &c.

Hammer be wife,
 And open thine Eyes, (Lies:
 Discard the false *Junto*, their Intrigues and their
 For those that have got 'em,
 Find 'em not sound at bottom,
 Like *English-men Trusty and True*:
 But more like, &c.

If little *Eugene*
 Comes here to get *Spain*,
 We'll send him as wise as he comes back again;
 Tho' a parcel of Dund'rheads
 Should meet him by Hundreds,
 Not like *English-men Trusty and True*:
 But more like, &c.

What a shame to the Gown,
 To see Prelates bow down (Crown:
 To those who would tread both on Mitre and
 Eleven out of Fourteen,
 Seduc'd by Whigs Courting!
 Are they *English-men Trusty and True*?
 Or more like, &c.

The twelve Peers of *France*,
 Are fam'd in Romance,
 Who their Country's Honour so high did advance:
 But our *British* Twelve Peers,
 Are worth Fifty of theirs,
 For they are *English-men Trusty and True*
 In Spight of Designers, and Court-Underminers,
 Black Dismal, and Coventry blue.



F I N I S.

By J. P. [illegible]